THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 29, 1802.

Some Account of the Palace of St. Cloud, the Reſidence of the Chief Conſul of France.

ST. CLOUD is watered by the river Seine, at the diſtance of about ſix miles from Paris. The origin of the name is from Clovis, the founder of the French monarchy. It has been called by the continental lawyers a ducal peerage, and was attached to the archbiſhopric of Paris, the incumbent of which, from this qualification, attained the rank of duke of St. Cloud and peer of France. The approach to the village is over a ſtone bridge, which leads to the palace through a protracted avenue.

It was occupied by the royal family in the troubleſome reign of Henry III. and here that prince fell under the hand of the aſſaſſin. James Clement, a young Dominican monk, worked up to religious frenzy by his fanatical companions of the cloiſter, iſſued from the darkneſs of his cell to the ſplendours of the palace, confident of obtaining a heavenly crown, by wreſting the earthly diadem from the head of his ſacrilegious prince. He procured falſe letters of credence, and was admitted to the royal cabinet. Having delivered his papers, he approached his ſovereign, as if to impart ſome matter of great moment; at that inſtant he drew a poignard from beneath his tunic, and ſheathed it in the vitals of Henry. The prince himſelf drew it forth from the wound, and ſcreaming aloud for aſſiſtance, ſtruck the monk with the reeking weapon on the forehead. The attendants ruſhed in, pierced the delinquent with an hundred ſwords, and, in the fury of their indignation, threw the mangled carcaſe from the window, from whence it appeared daſhed to pieces on the platform. Thus fell the laſt prince of the illuſtrious houſe of Valois.

The palace afterwards devolved to the Goudy family, from which it was obtained by Lewis XIV. for his brother, the duke of Orleans. It is conſidered one of the moſt beautiful royal reſidences of the kingdom; the ſituation, the views, the caſcades, the woods, the ſtatuary, and the architecture, all contribute to reward the ſpectator. Two courts appear in the front, the nearer being a terrace conſiderably elevated above the more remote. The building is compoſed of a centre and wings, the latter being united to the main building by the mediation of two pavilions. The central facade is about one hundred and fifty feet wide, and riſes to the altitude of about ſeventy-five. On entering the inner court, in the niches of the right wing, we obſerved four ſtatues, repreſenting eloquence, muſic, youth, and jollity; on the left are Momus, a bacchante, peace, and riches.

The moſt remarkable of the apartments are the celebrated gallery of Apollo, and the two ſaloons to which the left wing is devoted; theſe are connected in one line, and at the extreme open to an orangery, through which is ſeen, in the diſtance, as on the diſk of a teleſcope, the city of Paris, and the expanſive vale where it repoſes. In the great ſaloon, which precedes the gallery, are beautiful paintings, giving the progreſſive hiſtory of the loves of Mars and Venus. Cupids are repreſented as diſarming the god of his beamy terrors before he approaches the yielding form of his divine miſtreſs.

In the gallery are repreſented the birth of Apollo and Diana, and various ſtories from the claſſic poets.

The gardens are not in the modern ſtyle, but in the formality of the laſt century.

It is confidently reported that Egalité (duke of Orleans) loſt this manſion and its dependencies to Marie Antoinette at the gaming-table!

ACCOUNT *of* BONAPARTE's CONDUCT *in* SYRIA.

[From Sir Robert Wilſon's Hiſtory of the Britiſh Expedition in Egypt, &c. &c.]

BONAPARTE having carried the town of Jaffa by aſſault, many of the garriſon were put to the ſword; but the greater part flying into the moſques, and imploring mercy from their purſuers, were granted their lives; and let it be well remembered, that an exaſperated army in the moment of revenge, when the laws of war juſtified the rage, yet heard the voice of pity, received its impreſſion, and proudly refuſed to be any longer the executioners of an unreſiſting enemy.

Three days afterwards, Bonaparte, who had expreſſed much reſentment at the compaſſion manifeſted by his troops, and determined

mined to relieve himſelf from the maintainance and care of three thouſand eight hundred priſoners, ordered them to be marched to a riſing ground near Jaffa; where a diviſion of French infantry formed againſt them.

Bonaparte had in perſon inſpected previouſly the whole body, amounting to near five thouſand men, with the object of ſaving thoſe who belonged to the towns he was preparing to attack. The age and noble phyſiognomy of a veteran janiſſary attracted his obſervation, and he aſked him ſharply, "Old man, what did you here?" The janiſſary, undaunted, replied, "I muſt anſwer that queſtion by aſking you the ſame; your anſwer will be, that you came to ſerve your ſultan; ſo do I mine." The intrepid frankneſs of the reply excited univerſal intereſt in his favour. Bonaparte even ſmiled. "He is ſaved," whiſpered ſome of the aids de camp. "You know not Bonaparte," obſerved one who had ſerved with him in Italy, "that ſmile, I ſpeak from experience, does not proceed from benevolence; remember what I ſay." The opinion was too true! The janiſſary was left in the ranks, doomed to death, and ſuffered!

When the Turks had entered into their fatal alignement, and the mournful preparations were completed, the ſignal gun fired. Vollies of muſquetry and grape inſtantly played againſt them; and Bonaparte, who had been regarding the ſcene through a teleſcope, when he ſaw the ſmoke aſcending, could not reſtrain his joy, but broke out into exclamations of approval; indeed, he had juſt reaſon to dread the refuſal of his troops thus to diſhonour themſelves. Kleber had remonſtrated in the moſt ſtrenuous manner, and the officer of the etat major who commanded (for the general to whom the diviſion belonged was abſent) even refuſed to execute the order without a written inſtruction; but Bonaparte was too cautious, and ſent Berthier to enforce obedience.

When the Turks had all fallen, the French troops humanely endeavoured to put a period to the ſufferings of the wounded, but ſome time elapſed before the bayonet could finiſh what the fire had not deſtroyed, and probably many languiſhed whole days in agony. Several French officers, by whom partly theſe details are furniſhed, declared, that this was a ſcene, the retroſpect of which tormented their recollection, and that they could not reflect on it without horror; accuſtomed as they had been to ſights of cruelty! Theſe were the priſoners, whom Aſſalini, in his very able work on the plague, alluded to, when he ſays, that for three days the Turks ſhewed no ſymptoms of that diſeaſe, and it was their putrifying remains which produced the peſtilential malady which he deſcribes as afterwards making ſuch ravages in the French army. The bones ſtill lie in heaps, and are ſhewn to every traveller who arrives; nor can they be confounded with

thoſe who periſhed in the aſſault; ſince this field of butchery lies a mile from the town.

Such a fact ſhould not, however, be alledged without ſome proof, or leading circumſtance ſtronger than aſſertion being produced to ſupport it; but there would be a want of generoſity in naming individuals, and branding them to the lateſt poſterity, with infamy, for obeying a command, when their ſubmiſſion became an act of neceſſity; therefore to eſtabliſh further the authority of the relation, this only can be mentioned—that it was Bonn's diviſion which fired, and thus every one is afforded the opportunity of ſatisfying themſelves reſpecting the truth, by enquiring of officers ſerving in the different brigades compoſing this diviſion.

The next circumſtance is of a nature which requires, indeed, the moſt particular details to eſtabliſh; ſince the idea can ſcarce be entertained, that the commander of an army ſhould order his own countrymen (or if not immediately ſuch, thoſe amongſt whom he had been naturalized,) to be deprived of life, when in a ſtate which required the kindeſt conſideration.—But the annals of France record the frightful crimes of a Robeſpierre, a Carrier; and hiſtorical truth muſt now recite one equal to any which has blackened its page.

Bonaparte, finding that his hoſpitals at Jaffa were crowded with ſick, ſent for a phyſician, whoſe name ſhould be inſcribed in letters of gold, but which from weighty reaſons cannot be here inſerted; on his arrival Bonaparte entered into a long converſation with him reſpecting the danger of contagion, concluding at laſt with the remark, that ſomething muſt be done to remedy the evil, and "that the deſtruction of the ſick at preſent in the hoſpital, was the only meaſure which could be adopted!"

The phyſician, alarmed at the propoſal, bold in the confidence of virtue and the cauſe of humanity, remonſtrated vehemently, repreſenting the cruelty as well as the atrocity of ſuch a murder; but finding that Bonaparte perſevered and menaced, he indignantly left the tent, with this memorable obſervation:—"Neither my principles, nor the character of my profeſſion, will allow me to become a human butcher: and, General, if ſuch qualities as you inſinuate, are neceſſary to form a great man, I thank my God that I do not poſſeſs them."

Bonaparte was not to be diverted from his object by moral conſiderations; he perſevered, and found an apothecary, who, (dreading the weight of power, but who ſince has made an atonement to his mind, by unequivocally confeſſing the fact) conſented to become his agent, and to adminiſter poiſon to the ſick! Opium at night was diſtributed in gratifying food, the wretched unſuſpecting victims banquetted, and in a few hours—five hundred

dred and eighty ſoldiers, who had ſuffered ſo much for their country, periſhed thus miſerably by the order of its idol!

Is there a Frenchman whoſe blood does not chill with horror at the recital of ſuch a fact? Surely the manes of theſe murdered, unoffending people, muſt be now hovering round the ſeat of government.

If a doubt ſhould ſtill exiſt as to the veracity of this ſtatement, let the members of the inſtitute at Cairo be aſked, what paſſed in the ſitting after the return of Bonaparte from Syria: they will relate, that the ſame virtuous phyſician, who refuſed to become the deſtroyer of thoſe committed to his protection, accuſed Bonaparte of high treaſon in the full aſſembly, againſt the honour of France, her children, and humanity; that he entered into the full details of the poiſoning of the ſick, and the maſſacre of the garriſon, aggravating theſe crimes, by charging Bonaparte with ſtrangling, previouſly, at Roſetta, a number of French and Copts who were ill of the plague; thus proving, that this diſpoſal of the ſick was a premeditated plan. In vain Bonaparte attempted to juſtify himſelf; the members ſat petrified with terror, and almoſt doubted whether the ſcene paſſing before their eyes was not illuſion:—There are records which remain, and which in due ſeaſon will be produced. In the interim, this repreſentation will be ſufficient to ſtimulate enquiry; and, Frenchmen, your honour is, indeed, intereſted in the examination.

Bonaparte pleaded, that he ordered the garriſon to be deſtroyed, becauſe he had not proviſions to maintain them, or ſtrength enough to guard them, and that he deſtroyed the ſick to prevent contagion, and ſave themſelves from falling into the hands of the Turks; but theſe arguments were refuted directly, and Bonaparte was obliged to reſt his defence on the poſitions of Machiavel.—When he afterwards left Egypt, the ſavans were ſo angry at being left behind, that they elected the phyſician preſident of the inſtitute, an act which ſpoke for itſelf fully.

Let us hope, that in no country will there be found another man of ſuch Machiavelian principles, as by ſophiſtry to palliate ſuch tranſactions.

ORIGIN *of the* MANCHESTER TRADE.

THE firſt manufacturers of piece-goods which were eſtabliſhed in Lancaſhire, were begun at Wigan, and conſiſted chiefly of bed-ticks, checks, rugs, and blankets; but the regulation of a corporate town occaſioned ſome reſtrictions, which induced ſeveral perſons to attempt eſtabliſhments at Manchester, which was ſoon found to be equally ſuitable, and, indeed, more advantageous for the purpoſe.

The

The buſineſs in Mancheſter was carried on in three branches, viz. fuſtians, checks, and ſmall wares: under the firſt were compriſed herring-bones, pillows, cotton-ribs, and paragons, which were cut out with ſheers like woollen cloths. Tufts and coarſe thickſets with linen warps, the threads on the ſurface of which goods were divided with a knife; all of which articles, about 60 years ago, were dyed aſh colour or yellow brown; the firſt commonly called drabs, the ſecond olives.

At that time the dying of other colours on cotton was not known. The materials uſed for the purpoſe were oak ſaw-duſt, fuſtick, and copperas, and all the utenſils neceſſary for a dyer, was a pump to ſupply water, a copper to boil his water, ſaw-duſt, and fuſtick, and a tub of cold water to diſſolve this copperas in. The goods to be dyed were wet out in warm or cold water, in a half rum-puncheon, or ſimilar veſſel, then entered in warm ſaw-duſt liquor; the piece afterwards laid in folds, and well beat with a long pole, or wool-beater, and then paſſed through copperas liquor, and the piece drained and dried. Chance rather than judgment produced the ſhade of brown colour, and the addition of a decoction of fuſtick made it incline to the olive caſt.

No regard was paid to preciſe ſhades of theſe colours; and the goods thus dyed were laid by in a rude ſtate till they met with a purchaſer, when the ſhorn goods were callendered, made up, and tufted, or piled goods bruſhed and folded.

Beſides theſe dyed fuſtians, ſome white fuſtians were made, as janes for waiſtcoat linings, narrow ſtriped dimities, and figured diapers. The above articles compriſed nearly the whole of the fuſtian buſineſs.

Articles made in the check buſineſs, were bolſter and bedticks, chequered blue and white linens for women's aprons, and ſailors' ſhirts, and ſtriped hollands. Yellow canvas and buckram were alſo made by the check manufacturers. The ſmall-ware manufacturers fabricated laces, filletings, tapes, and garters.

The manufacturers were generally engaged in one only of the above branches, viz. were either fuſtian, check, or ſmall-ware manufacturers.

The greateſt part of the goods made in Mancheſter at this time, were uſually purchaſed by chapmen, who kept gangs of pack-horſes, and ſold them in different parts of the kingdom, bringing back to Mancheſter, malt from Northamptonſhire, feathers from Lincolnſhire, and different products from other counties. The roads throughout the kingdom were in general too bad to admit of waggons or carts, and a journey to London was then looked upon as a more ſerious buſineſs than a voyage to the Eaſt Indies would be at preſent. On ſuch an occaſion, a formal parting took place amongſt relations, a will was prepared and executed, and the traveller mounting his horſe, and covering his coat-laps with linen bags, made for the purpoſe of keeping them free

from mud on the road, ſet out, and arrived in London in ten or twelve days. His return home was attended with congratulations, and his neighbours liſtened with great attention to the miraculous accounts related, of his loſing his road on Craſſington Moor, or ſome other of the many unincloſed commons on his way to London, his dreadful dangers from having been benighted, and other ſimilar adventures.

DESCRIPTION *of the* ARABIAN HORSES.

Written by an Officer who lately ſerved in Egypt.

THE real Arabian breed of horſes exiſts only on that tract of country and deſart that runs from Lutmene to Mouſſul and Bagdat, by the way of Aleppo, all to the ſouth of that line are a ſmall diminutive race, fourteen hands or thereabouts, which in fact is a poney, and never can get a good ſtock; yet even theſe have been ſent to England, *via* the Cape of Good Hope, but there, yet, has never appeared on the turf. The horſe that was offered for ſale to the prince of Wales, and duke of Orleans, ſome years ago, and afterwards was ſold by way of lottery as an Arab, was no more an Arab than any one of my cart horſes, but of the Armenian breed. The Turkiſh horſe has fewer good qualities if poſſible than the above.

How beautiful the real Arabian! his mouth ſo ſmall that a glaſs tumbler would ſerve him for a water bucket, his noſtrils large, and within a fine carnation colour; his cheek-bone flat, wide, and lean, all the veins viſible; a large and brilliant eye, the ears cloſe, and in motion erect; the head well ſet, on a ſmall neck, the throat large, a riſing wither, and the blade bone of the ſhoulder ſo far back that it ſeems under the ſaddle: a broad cheſt, the legs perfectly ſtraight and flat as my hand, a hard blue hoof, as hard as the ſtones he gallops over; the back flat and wonderfully ſhort, croup in a line to the tail, which the Arab carries with more grace than our beſt necked horſes; the ribs large and round, the feet wide behind, and the fore feet ſtand near together; his pedigree carefully preſerved and certified: his gentleneſs of temper and docility inimitable; and his blood, bone, wind, and bottom, not to be matched. Such are the horſes we muſt breed from. A Childers and Eclipſe would not then be rare; and could an Arabian colt be ſent to, and trained in England, I am certain that Hambletonian and Diamond would appear in compariſon ſlow horſes.

No horſe in England ever ſhewed ſpeed, that was not of foreign blood, and the nearer the ſource the better. What then have we reaſon to hope from the ſtock itſelf?—a real Arabian colt! The difficulty that attends getting a horſe of the firſt race is not

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to be imagined: the Arabs love their horſes; and I affirm, not from hearſay, but what I have ſeen, often money will not purchaſe them. The king of Pruſſia ſent an excellent judge to theſe parts to buy ſome horſes; amongſt others, the agent ſaw one during his excurſions into the deſert, the only country where the real Arab horſe is bred; and thoſe excurſions are not only dangerous, but attended with great expence: I ſay, he ſaw one horſe, which he determined to buy at any price. He increaſed his offer for the horſe a thouſand piaſtres (75l.) each time. Having bid an immenſe price, the Arab turned round to his friends ſaying, "If I ſtay a moment longer, this infidel will tempt me to ſell my horſe." At the ſame time clapping ſpurs to him, he was out of ſight in a moment; nor did the king's agent ever purchaſe him. I do aſſure you that I have not ſeen (becauſe of their ſize) five horſes from which I ſhould wiſh to breed; ſo rare, even here, is the beſt race of Arab horſes, which are commonly from fourteen three to fifteen hands.

The tribe of the Arabs, called, by the ignorant, Turk men, have an excellent breed of horſes, but too ſmall; I have never ſeen one which exceeded fourteen two; and yet from theſe, inferior as they are to the Arab, our beſt horſes in England have been bred; becauſe, as that nation frequent much, in their perigrinations, the banks of the Orontes, which falls into the ſea from Antioch, they are moſt eaſily procured, and ſent to Latachia, Smyrna, and other parts of the Mediterranean.

You will be ſurprized when I tell you a good horſe (I mean always Arab) never was ſent to Conſtantinople; the reaſon is evident. By us theſe Arabs are ſuppoſed to be ſubjects of the grand ſeignor: but they are independent of the Porte as are the people of Yorkſhire; and, in fact, the Turks are poor, and cannot pay a high price. In proof of this, I know two horſes; one was ſold for ſixteen thouſand piaſtres (about 1200l.) and 800l. refuſed for the other; yet theſe prices were aſked, paid, and refuſed, amongſt the Arabians themſelves.

It is not at all unuſual with them, when they are induced to part with a fine horſe, to require, beſides a large ſum, in camels, wheat, tents, &c. a conſiderable annuity, which is ſometimes payable during the life of the ſeller, and ſometimes during that of the horſe; nay, there are even inſtances of baſhaws not being able to procure a favourite horſe, but on condition of granting an annuity for ever to the family of the proprietor.

To the EDITOR *of the* WEEKLY ENTERTAINER,

SIR,

SOME years ago, while engaged in reading Burnet's Hiſtory of his own Times, I was particularly impreſſed with his de-

lineation of the character of Archbiſhop Leighton, and induced to tranſcribe it. It is drawn with a maſterly hand, and furniſhes an intereſting account of a moſt amiable and exemplary man;—one who appears to have been as conſpicuous for the exerciſe of all the virtues which can adorn humanity, as he was for the ſtation he occupied in the Chriſtian church. It has occurred to me that this ſketch may not be unſuitable to the purpoſes of your miſcellany, and being perſuaded that it will be unacceptable to none, and may probably be gratifying to many of your readers, I have taken the liberty to ſubjoin a copy, and to requeſt that it may be admitted into one of your future numbers. As it relates only to the character of the archbiſhop, reference muſt be made to Burnet's Hiſtory, for the particulars of his public conduct.

It may not be improper, however, to obſerve here, that Leighton was of the number of thoſe divines, who were appointed by the miniſtry of Charles the Second, in the year 1661, for the purpoſe of introducing and eſtabliſhing epiſcopacy in Scotland. How that meaſure ſucceeded is well known. It would be adding but little to the honour of Leighton's character to ſay, that his conduct in that affair was equally creditable, or diſtinguiſhed by the principles which influenced Archbiſhop Sharp, and his other coadjutors. They ſeem to have been actuated in all their proceedings by a ſpirit of tyranny, and motives of ſelfiſhneſs. His aim was directed to the happineſs of his fellow creatures, and the approbation of his God. With ſuch views he had accepted the ſee of Dunblane, and afterwards received his appointment to the archbiſhopric of Glaſgow. But when it appeared to him, that the introduction of epiſcopacy was not likely to produce thoſe beneficial effects, which he had at firſt fondly hoped; and that, in fact, the prejudices of the people were an almoſt inſurmountable barrier to the ſucceſs of ſuch a meaſure, he relinquiſhed the attempt, reſigned his preferments, and paſſed the latter years of his life in a peaceful retirement. While occupying his time in ſtudy, and the exemplary diſcharge of the duties of a pariſh prieſt in Suſſex, it is probable he poſſeſſed more ſubſtantial happineſs than he would have enjoyed if ſeated on a metropolitan throne. His character had, indeed, a luſtre about it, much ſuperior to all that a mitre could have beſtowed, and forms a ſtriking contraſt to the turbulent ambition and bigotted intolerance, which have (unhappily for mankind) diſtinguiſhed in all ages, ſo many of the fathers of the Chriſtian church.

I would take this occaſion to remark, that perſons who wiſh for an acquaintance with the general tranſactions of the eventful period in our annals, which Burnet's Hiſtory includes, cannot have recourſe to a more circumſtantial, intereſting, and faithful narrative than the work of that ingenious and celebrated author.

I remain, with much reſpect, Sir, your's, &c.

October 22, 1802. EXMONIENSIS.

Biſhop Burnet's Character of Archbiſhop Leighton.

LEIGHTON had great quickneſs of parts, a lively apprehenſion, with a charming vivacity of thought and expreſſion. He had the greateſt command of the pureſt Latin that ever I knew in any man. He was a maſter both of Greek and Hebrew, and of the whole compaſs of theological learning, chiefly in the ſtudy of the ſcriptures. But that which excelled all the reſt was, he was poſſeſſed with the higheſt and nobleſt ſenſe of divine things that I ever ſaw in any man. He had no regard to his perſon. He had a contempt both of wealth and reputation. He ſeemed to have the loweſt thoughts of himſelf poſſible, and to deſire that all other perſons ſhould think as meanly of him as he did himſelf. He bore all ſorts of ill uſage and reproach like a man that took pleaſure in it. He had ſo ſubdued the natural heat of his temper that in a great variety of accidents, and in a courſe of twenty-two years intimate converſation with him, I never obſerved the leaſt ſign of paſſion, but upon one ſingle occaſion. He brought himſelf into ſo compoſed a gravity that I never ſaw him laugh, and but ſeldom ſmile. And he kept himſelf in ſuch a conſtant recollection, that I do not remember that ever I heard him ſay one idle word. There was a viſible tendency in all he ſaid to raiſe his own mind, and thoſe he converſed with, to ſerious reflection. He ſeemed to be in a perpetual meditation; and though the whole courſe of his life was ſtrict and aſcetical, yet he had nothing of the ſourneſs of temper that generally poſſeſſes men of that ſort. He was the freeſt from ſuperſtition, of cenſuring others, or of impoſing his own methods on them, poſſible. So that he did not ſo much as recommend them to others. He ſaid there was a diverſity of tempers, and every man was to watch over his own, and to turn it in the beſt manner he could. His thoughts were lively, oft out of the way, and ſurpriſing, yet juſt and genuine. And he had laid together in his memory the greateſt treaſure of the beſt and wiſeſt of all the ancient ſayings of the heathens, as well as Chriſtians, that I have ever known any man maſter of; and he uſed them in the apteſt manner poſſible. His preaching had a ſublimity both of thought and expreſſion in it. The grace and gravity of his pronounciation was ſuch, that few heard him without a very ſenſible emotion: I am ſure I never did. His ſtyle was rather too fine; but there was a majeſty and beauty in it, that left ſo deep an impreſſion, that I cannot forget the ſermons I heard him preach thirty years ago. And yet with all this, he ſeemed to look on himſelf as ſo ordinary a preacher that when he had a cure, he was ready to employ all others: and when he was a biſhop, he choſe to preach to ſmall auditories, and would never give notice beforehand:—he had indeed a very low voice, and ſo could not be heard by a great croud. I bear ſtill the greateſt

greateſt veneration for the memory of that man, that I do for any perſon, and reckon my early knowledge of him, and my long, and intimate converſation with him, that continued to his death for twenty-three years, among the greateſt bleſſings of my life, and for which I know I muſt give an account to God in the great day, in a moſt particular manner.

The laſt ten years of his life he paſſed in great privacy in Suſſex, dividing his time wholly between ſtudy and retirement, and the doing of good: for in the pariſh where he lived, and in the pariſhes round about, he was always employed in preaching and in reading prayers. He diſtributed all he had in charities, chooſing rather to have it go through other people's hands than his own; for I was his almoner in London. He had gathered a well-choſen library of curious, as well as uſeful books, which he left to the dioceſe of Dumblane, for the uſe of the clergy there, that country being ill provided with books. He lamented often to me the ſtupidity that he obſerved among the common people of England, who ſeemed to be much more inſenſible in matters of religion than the common people of Scotland were.

There were two remarkable circumſtances attending his death. He uſed often to ſay, that if he were to chuſe a place to die in, it ſhould be an inn, it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noiſe and confuſion in it. He added, that the officious tenderneſs and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of thoſe that could be procured in ſuch a place, would give leſs diſturbance. And he obtained what he deſired; for he died at the Bell Inn, in Warwick-lane. Another circumſtance was, that while he was a biſhop in Scotland, he took what his tenants were pleaſed to pay him: ſo that there were great arrears due, which were raiſed ſlowly, by one whom he left in truſt with his affairs there; and the laſt payment that he could expect from thence, was returned up to him about ſix weeks before his death: ſo that his proviſion and journey failed both at once.

On CALUMNY.

SUCH is the degeneracy and effeminacy of the preſent age, that calumny is become the prevailing vice, the predominant paſſion; is thought faſhionable, and conſidered as polite. Man appears to have diſmantled himſelf of that dignity with which he was enrobed as "Man;" and to have enſhielded himſelf in thoſe things too frivolous for women. Scandal was hitherto enſhrined in female tongues; but now, man's nobler nature is become the dupe of ſuch a deteſtable, infamous vice. In ancient Britiſh days, the brawny-limb was honoured and admired;

mired; but now the ſqueamiſh, chattering fop is careſſed, and adored; he is an echo; ſits and talks; confirms what female virulence does ſport; envy's malignant epithets he ſwears are true; he apes the actions of the other ſex; and laughs at thoſe who ſpeak of hiſtory, and of the achievements of a former, better age. In fact, ſuch is the inſignificance of this apology for a man, that he is not the umbrage of a ſenſible one.

Viſits are but "Schools for Scandal," with "Welcome my friend" they meet you at their doors," while their own eyes demonſtrate their hate. While at the table, they enjoy the ſlanderous produce of their envious gales, more than the coſtly viands which they eat. They are not aſhamed, nor do they bluſh to form a lie to ſerve their ends; and when at different times they riſe and go, each falls a victim to thoſe he leaves behind. Such are the viſits now in vogue.

No language is equal to the taſk of expreſſing the diſlike ſenſible men muſt feel for ſuch characters. Engliſh is not enough expreſſive, nor are the copious phraſes of the French ſufficiently harſh.

My defective pen cannot pourtray an emblem of diſguſt, equal to that which my imagination conceives of ſuch creatures.

PICTURE OF CALUMNY.

Her looks awry; an everlaſting frown
Is on her brows; her teeth deform'd, and black,
Are as Diana's truſty arrows, ſharp;
Beneath her tongue, black clots of venom lie;
Her vivid lip with deadly poiſon's load;
She has a ſerpent's ſtring; an hyæna's cry;
A baſiliſk's eye; and an adder's ear;
Her mouth contains the ſpittle of a toad;
A brazen forehead, and an aſs's bray.

No ſmiles her furrow'd brows adorn, but thoſe
Which riſe from other peoples' wretchedneſs.
Her eyes are ſtrangers to ſomnific ſweets;
She ſees ſome men with vaſt ſucceſſes bleſs'd,
Their joys diſtract her, and their glories wound.
She kills abroad, conſumes herſelf at home,
And her own crimes are her unceaſing death.

EX SUBSCRIPTORE.

St. Ives, November 17, 1802.

Dr. Lettſom's Account of a providential Deliverance.

THE following hiſtory of a convict was related by Mr. Livius, a native of New Hampſhire, in America, and then chief

chief juſtice of Quebec, under General Carleton. He was then in London, and, on reading a morning paper, he obſerved a paragraph to the following import:—" To-morrow, the noted houſe-breaker, Cox, with ***, of Piſcataway, in New Hampſhire, for returning from tranſportation, will be executed at Tyburn." The chief juſtice had never ſeen Newgate; and obſerving that a perſon from his own native country was condemned to expiate his crimes on the gallows, was induced to viſit this priſon, and ſee his countryman. His relation was nearly, as well as I can recollect, (for the tranſaction happened about the year 1780,) as follows; it was, however, too intereſting ever to be obliterated from my memory. The convict had been an American ſailor, and paſſing in a boat from the ſhip, lying off Wapping, to the ſhore, the boatman informed him that he could ſell him ſome canvas, ſufficient to make him a hammock, very cheap; the price was ſixteen ſhillings. Within a ſhort period afterwards, he was arreſted for purchaſing ſtolen goods; and, proof being adduced to the court that the canvas was worth twenty-four ſhillings, he was condemned to be tranſported to America, then under the crown of Great Britain; this, he ſaid, he did not much regard, as he could work his way thither, from his ſeamanſhip, and his father lived in New Hampſhire.

Some time after his arrival in America as a tranſport, he hired himſelf in a veſſel chartered to Liſbon, and which he underſtood was not to touch in England. The agent at Liſbon, however, received orders, from a merchant in London, to load the veſſel for the latter port: this at firſt alarmed him greatly; but he reconciled himſelf to the voyage under a reſolution never to go on ſhore whilſt on the river Thames: he kept his reſolution till the day before the veſſel was appointed to ſail, upon which occaſion the captain had given all his men the privilege of going on ſhore, and taking leave of their acquaintance. The unfortunate American was the only ſailor who did not accept the offer; the captain remained alſo on board, and, recollecting ſomething that he wanted in the town, requeſted the only ſeaman he had with him to take the ſmall boat, and ſcull her on ſhore, to procure what he then wanted; he made ſome frivolous excuſes, till at length, by the perſuaſion of his captain, he conſented to go on his errand; but ſcarcely had he ſtepped on ſhore before he was recogniſed and arreſted. In the preſence of his judge he was identified, and the gallows was his ſentence. Chief-Juſtice Livius obſerving to him, that he ſeemed to have ſome comfortable food in his cell, inquired how he could afford to purchaſe it: he replied, that a perſon, he believed a roman catholic clergyman, gave him money, in hopes of his dying a papiſt; 'but,' added he,' I am no papiſt in my heart; and as to dying, I have hardſhips enough not to care ſo much about it as about my wages, which I want

my

my wife and children to receive for me.' He was aſked if he knew Mr. Livius's family, which he deſcribed immediately.

The whole hiſtory appeared to the chief juſtice to merit further inveſtigation, and inſtantly he proceeded to inquire reſpecting the circumſtances attending the chartering and ſailing of the ſhip, and alſo the particulars of the original trial and ſubſequent ſentence, which correſponding with the ſailor's narration, the worthy magiſtrate haſtened to Lord Weymouth's office, and thence to the king, at Windſor, and returned to London juſt in time to ſtay the fatal rope. After the trials and circumſtances attending them were reviſed, the king was pleaſed to change the ſentence to tranſportation during his natural life, and he was ſhipped off from London ſoon after this act of mercy. Livius, however, who felt a lively intereſt in the fate of his countryman, whom he believed guilty from ignorance and not from deſign, renewed his importunities, and at length got an order for pardon; he hurried with the glad tidings down the river, and overtook the convicts at Graveſend, where he found on board the tranſport ſhip the poor ſailor chained to another convict. The order from the ſecretary's office was ſhewn to the captain, who abſolutely refuſed to reſign him agreeably to the pardon, becauſe he had received theſe convicts from Mr. Akerman, to whom alone he was anſwerable, and that the priſoners were no longer under the juriſdiction or controul of a ſecretary or ſtate. Diſappointed as Mr. Livius was in the proſpect of liberating the priſoner, he haſtened to town again, and got a proper legal order from the late humane Akerman; he then hired a Graveſend boat, and did not overtake the tranſport till he arrived at the Nore, whence he conveyed the convict to London, where a few merchants on 'Change, on hearing the whole tranſaction, collected ſixteen guineas, with which the tar, honeſt in principle, ſailed a free man to the American continent.

Singular Inſtance of a Woman ſpeaking well without her Tongue.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

AS you avowedly make it your buſineſs to publiſh every communication worthy of notice, let me beg that you will give place to the following extraordinary caſe of a woman ſpeaking articulately, though deprived of the whole ſubſtance of her tongue. This ſingular phænomenon we find related by a former biſhop of Rocheſter, in a letter to a very learned and ingenious gentleman of this city, which is literally as follows:—

" SIR, *Liſbon, September* 3, 1707.

" The Conde d'Ericeyra, a nobleman of letters, and curious in natural knowledge, brought from the frontiers of this country, a young woman without a tongue, who yet ſpeaks very well. She is ſeventeen years old, but in ſtature exceeds not one of ſeven or eight. I was with her at the conde's houſe, and made her pronounce every letter of the alphabet, which ſhe can do diſtinctly, except Q, which ſhe calls cu, after the common pronunciation of all her country people. She hath not the leaſt bit of a tongue, nor any thing like it; but the teeth on both ſides of her under jaw turn very much inward, and almoſt meet. She finds the greateſt want of a tongue in eating, for, as others, when they eat, move their meat about with their tongue, ſhe is forced to uſe her finger. She pretends to diſtinguiſh taſtes very well, but I believe doth it imperfectly. Her voice, though very diſtinct, is a little hollow, and like that of old people who have loſt half their teeth.

" Your's, &c.
" *****"

This phænomenon deſerves our ſerious conſideration, becauſe the tongue ſeems abſolutely neceſſary to the utterance of words, according to the general rules of anatomy. This being admitted, it will be no eaſy matter to account for an articulate ſpeech in a perſon that wants a tongue; and yet the above inſtance of an object of that deſcription appears to be an exception, being atteſted by ſuch reſpectable authority.

Our Britiſh wits may, perhaps, make ſuch a caſe their theme of raillery; yet though they may ſay that nature, in pity for mankind, did once make a woman without a tongue, and that her natural inclination for talking made her find out the way to ſpeak, though ſhe wanted an inſtrument ſo neceſſary to it.—I muſt not, however, leave the ſex without an advocate, for I can juſtly ſay, if women do ſpeak more than men, it muſt be owned that they are remarkable for ſpeaking better; as an inſtance of which, I will quote Mrs Piozzi's Britiſh Synonymy, vol. i. p. 373, where ſpeaking of the beauty and politeneſs of the ladies of Sienna, ſhe ſays, " All the ſtories which one has ever heard of pronunciation, fall ſhort of Sieneſe converſe. The girls who wait on us at the inns here would be treaſures in England, could one get them thither, and they need move nothing but their tongues to make their fortunes."—Our fair country women, alſo, it muſt be confeſſed, are highly celebrated for their pleaſing delivery and brilliancy of converſation; and being of opinion, that a man who is ſo rough and unpoliſhed as to find fault in general with women's ſpeaking, deſerves the moſt ſevere cenſure,

I remain, Sir,
A FRIEND TO THE LADIES.

SKETCH

SKETCH *of the* LIFE *of* COUNT ALVENSLEBEN.

THAT eminent ſtateſman, Count Philip Charles D'Alvenſleben, the Pruſſian miniſter of ſtate, who died lately at Berlin, was born the 12th of December, 1745, at Hanover, where his father was privy counſellor of war, and where his grandfather had been miniſter of ſtate. His education was in a great meaſure completed during the courſe of the ſeven years war. He participated, at Magdebourg, in the leſſons of the two princes of Pruſſia, Frederic William II. afterwards his ſovereign, and Frederick Henry Charles, brother to that monarch. From that epoch may be dated the friendſhip which he formed with his young friends. After having terminated, in 1770, his ſtudies at the academy of Halle, he dedicated himſelf to the bar, and was appointed referendary to the chamber of juſtice at Berlin, where he acquired the reputation of a man of buſineſs, and great induſtry.

On the 1ſt of January, 1774, he was appointed gentleman to his royal highneſs Prince Ferdinand. On the 29th of September, 1775, he commenced his diplomatic career, being then appointed envoy extraordinary to the court of Saxony: he was decorated at the ſame time with a chamberlain's key. His talents and his perſonal qualities gained him general confidence and eſteem, and merited the approbation of his ſovereign, particularly in the war of the ſucceſſion, during which he was the centre of the correſpondence between the king and the allied court of Saxony, the king's army, and that of Prince Henry.

After having filled, for twelve years, the ſituation of miniſter at the court of the elector of Saxony, the king, Frederick William confided to him ſeveral important miſſions. He was ſent to Paris in 1787. At the commencement of the following year, he was appointed envoy extraordinary to the republic of the United Provinces, and at the end of the ſame year he came to London in the ſame quality, In 1790 he was recalled from England, when the monarch, full of confidence in his capacity, appointed him, on the 1ſt of May, 1791, a miniſter of ſtate, of war, and of the cabinet. In 1792 he was created a knight of the order of the red eagle; in 1798, at the coronation, he alone was created a knight of the order of the black eagle, and in 1800 was raiſed to the dignity of count.

A REFLECTION.

THE afflictions which a merciful providence may think fit to inflict upon us, are intended as correctors of our conduct; and if they do not anſwer the end propoſed, the misfortune and the puniſhment will be our's for not duly attending to the awful leſſons they were intended to teach us, and reforming our lives accordingly.

Deſcription of the Monument of Captain Richard Rundle Burges, with a Copy of the Inſcription.

THE monument dedicated to the memory of Captain Richard Rundle Burges, who ſo nobly loſt his life in the ſervice of his country, was opened on Monday, November 15, 1802, to public inſpection at the cathedral of St. Paul.

This monument is honourable to the government by whom it was ordered, as well as to the gallant officer whoſe heroiſm it is intended to record. By ſuch a national tribute to the defenders of our country, the zeal of patriotiſm is incited and rewarded.

The figure of Captain Burges, covered in part with a Roman veſtment, but ſeen in all its manly proportions, is admirably formed, and placed in a characteriſtic attitude. He is receiving a ſword from victory, who is ſuppoſed to be juſt alighting to reward a favourite hero. This figure is light, elegant, and intereſting. Around the ſarcophagus there are the ſymbols of captivity and defeat, the former bending in ſubmiſſion, and the latter retiring with ſhame. The figures are grouped with taſte, and the expreſſion is ſtriking. All the trophies and decorations are appropriate, and finiſhed in a very beautiful ſtyle.

Mr. Banks was the excellent artiſt ſelected by government on this occaſion.

The following is the inſcription placed on this monument, which is entitled to a high rank among the moſt diſtinguiſhed ornaments of the Britiſh capital:

Sacred to the memory
Of RICHARD RUNDLE BURGES, Eſq.
Commander of his majeſty's ſhip the Ardent,
Who fell in the 43d year of his age,
While bravely ſupporting the honour of the
Britiſh flag,
In a daring and ſucceſsful attempt to break the enemy's line,
Near Camperdown,
On the 11th of October, 1797.
His ſkill, coolneſs, and intrepidity, eminently contributed to a victory,
Equally advantageous and glorious to his country.

That grateful country,
By the unanimous act of her legiſlature,
Enrolls his name
High in the liſt of thoſe heroes,
Who, under the bleſſing of providence,
Have eſtabliſhed and maintained her naval ſuperiority,
And exalted rank among nations.

Anſwer, by J. Paſcal, of Briſtol, to H. Humphreys's Charade, inſerted Sept. 27.

A THORNBACK is the fiſh you mean,
As in your rebus may be ſeen.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from W. Strong, and J. Squance, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by J. Squance, of Exeter, to P. Gove's Enigma, inſerted October 4.

YOUR whole with care I ſtrove to comprehend,
And found out ſoon a CIRCLE had no end.

*** We have received the like anſwer from W. Strong, H. Humphreys, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; and W. Mann, of Aſhburton.

Anſwer, by Juvenis, of Dorcheſter, to J. Paſcal's Enigma, inſertid October 11.

YOUR enigma, Sir, I think conceal'd
The letter *N*, which I've reveal'd.

A CHARADE, *by W. Mann, of Aſhburton.*

WHEN I my Anna's charms behold,
My firſt oft ſtrikes my wand'ring ſight;
A poet will my next unfold
Whoſe works afford me great delight.

Spring! blooming ſpring! when thou doſt reign
To Flora's bow'r I oft repair,
Where I my fragrant whole obtain
To grace the boſom of my fair.

A CHARADE, *by R. Berry, Schoolmaſter, of South Molton.*

MY firſt you'll find to be a twine;
And for my next if you
Part of my firſt then rightly join,
A thing you'll have in view:
'Tis from my whole, alas! too true!
We injure health and ſenſes too.

An ENIGMA, *by Juvenis, of Dorcheſter.*

ATTEND, ſagacious bards! nor now refuſe
The humble efforts of a youthful muſe.
As orient Sol, yclep'd in glory bright,
Summon'd ſlow lingering day, diſpell'd the ſhades of night,
An infant ſprung from ſimple nature's bed,
I firſt to view majeſtic rais'd my head;
Thriving new honours, and new charms attain'd,
'Till Phœbus grand meridian heights had gain'd.
Hence, as in force the ſolar beams decay,
So, by degrees, my beauties fade away.
Soon as my patron ſinks beneath the main,
And ſable night envelopes all the plain,
My charms no longer captivate the eye,
In the fair bloom of youth I droop and die.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SUNSET.

SUN of the univerſe! All-wondrous orb!
As thro' the vaults of heav'n thy glories fly,
Men from their world the race of day record,
And trace thy burning chariot down the ſky.

O let me ſtill in thankful rapture gaze!
And chide the ſwiftneſs of the paſſing hour,
That haſtes to fold thy ſplendour from our praiſe
In the rich mantlings of thine evening bow'r.

In thy full pomp thou haſt rejoic'd to ſee,
The gladſome fullneſs of meridian day;
And now the grateful azure ſmiles to thee,
And ſpreads its purple o'er thy trackleſs way.

The well-pleas'd firmament delights to view
The trembling luſtre of thy yellow hair;
The moon peeps forth to catch thy bright adieu,
While ſtreams of gold thy floating beauties bear.

Yet, ere the watery portals of the weſt,
Hid, in approaching majeſty, declare
Thy joyous kingdom, and ere time's beheſt
Hangs the red enſigns of thine entrance there.

Thy cloſing glory of to-morrow tells,
Earth greets the welcome promiſe, fraught with joy;
Her feather'd ſongſters pour their glad farewells
Till twilight liſtens to the fond employ.

Hark! to the loud tongued cannon as they roar,
In gathering thunders, ſee repeated fires
Tell of another day; the ſounding ſhore
Swells the proud echo as its voice expires.

Ye frighted warblers of the wood! return,
For now afar the lengthen'd murm'rings die;
And when the laſt bright tinges ceaſe to burn,
Chirp to the liſtening ſtars that fill the ſky.

Heſper is ſparkling on his airy throne,
" And flowers fold their ſilken arms to reſt:"*
In dewy beds, which thouſand perfumes own,
Where playful zephyrs ev'ry ſweet arreſt.

The long-drawn ſhadows of the hill are fled,
And creeping darkneſs riſes from the vale
To where the queen of night's fair beams o'erſpread
Each higher ground, or ſtream along the dale.

Scarce half-beheld the fairy ſhades retire,
Her ſilver reign holds undivided ſway,
Till eaſtern mountains, clad in riſing fire,
Give the bright ſignals of returning day.

" Thoſe

* Dryden.

" Theſe, as they change, Almighty Father! theſe§"
The varied wonders of thy goodneſs, ſtand,
Firm to thy truth, and tell thine awful praiſe,
Bleſt in direction of their God's right hand.

Plymouth, October 15, 1802. WILLIAM BALL.

§ Thomſon.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

HUMAN GRANDEUR, *and its* SPEEDY DISSOLUTION.

DELUSIVE bauble! What art thou?
To which mankind ſuch homage ſhow,
How ſoon thy glory flies!
" Like Iris in the pearly ſhower,"
Or like the inſect of an hour,
Which is juſt ſeen, and dies.
To thee the lightning's vivid flaſh,
Or the hollow thunder's craſh
On the aſtoniſh'd ear;
The eagle in his tow'ring flight,
Or humid vapour's fleeting light,
A ſtrong reſemblance bear;
The keel that cuts the trackleſs deep,
The howling whirlwind's haſty ſweep,
Or charging of the martial ſteed;
The fatal ſhot that flies unſeen,
Nothing exiſts, or ever's been,
That can excel thy ſpeed:
Then learn, ye wiſe and ſober few,
Who Heaven's higheſt end purſue,
Tho' human greatneſs ſpeeds away,
And time, upon unwearied wing,
Low as the beggar lays a king—
He lands you in eternal day.

Neath Caſtle, 1800. A. O.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On hearing of the Death of Mrs. Tucker, of Axminſter, the once beautiful Miſs Warmington, of Barnſtaple and Colyton.

WHILE envy never dies, but prowls around,
And ſly ly ſeeks t' inflict the rankling wound,
Within the ſilent tomb Eliza's laid,
Ere time her youth or beauty durſt invade.
Death, dreading leſt her various pow'rs to pleaſe,
Seraphic ſmiles, and faſcinating eaſe,
Celeſtial bliſs too long might here impart—
With ſhaft unvenom'd pierc'd her to the heart.

DEVONIENSIS.

On a Doctor's conſulting what to take for his Armorial Bearings.

A Groupe of deaths in every quarter paint,
Like angels hovering o'er a popiſh ſaint;
The miracle's the ſame, ſhould either ſave
A ſoul from Hell, or body from the grave.